

# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL XIII—NO. 45.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1801.

WHOLE NO. 669.

## ST. LEGER.

A TALE.

[CONTINUED.]

WHILST the Baroneſ was trying to diſſuade her husband from ſacrificing the peace and happiness of her child, ſhe was employed in diſcloſing the anguish which tortured her too ſusceptible mind.

Personally to encounter her father's diſpleaſure was a severer trial than ſhe was able to endure; but the repugnance which ſhe felt to the Duke of Modena's alliance gave strength to her determination; and ſhe reſolved to write, after several attempts to express her sensations, and deſcribe the anguish which ſhe endured, the following lines, which were delivered to the Baron by Matilda's faithful and confidential maid.

### TO THE BARON DE COLOGNE.

WITH a heart tortured by the moſt agonizing emotions, I venture to ad-drefs my beloved fire, on my knees implore him to pardon a diſobedience which results from my repugnance to becoming a wife.

"Oh! my Lord, could you know with what contrition I fearfully oppoſe a parental decree, you would pity that diſtress which impels opposition to the will and authority of the author of my life! Had my heart been void of every attachment, an alliance ſo diſproportioned muſt have filled me with anguish; but when I am no longer boſt of its freedom, can I barter my perſon for dignity and wealth?

"Oh! my father, pardon this confeſſion, and do not exēcute your unfortunate child! Is there a crime in loving worth and merit?—or can we control the feelings of the mind?—I ask not your conent to the accomplishment of my wiſhes; I only implore you to relinquish a design which would doom me to a greater excess of misery than my portion of fortitude would be able to ſustain.

"Oh! my Lord, in compassion to my ſufferings, baniſh the Duke of Modena from my ſight, for his very appearance agitates my feelings, and fills me with diſgust and dread! In vain have I tried to check those ſenſations, and view him in the light you ſo ardently deſire: my heart is become untractable and rebellious, and abſolutely refuſes to ſubmit to constraint.

"With fear and trembling I ſhall await the anſwer which is finally to determine my future fate; and again implore your pity and forgiuenefs for the only diſobedient action of my life!"

As ſoon as Matilda had concluded this epiſtle, ſhe found her bosom rather more reſigned; but ſhort was the tranquility which ſhe was deſigned to enjoy, and ſevere and taſting the excels of pain. The moment the Baron had perufed the letter, the moſt violent indignation took poſſeſſion of his mind; and, in the dreadful paroxysm of rage, he repeatedly cursed his unhappy child!

That an authority which had hitherto been exerted without control ſhould be diſputed in a point ſo eſſential to his peace, was ſuch a degradation to parental pride as the haughty Baron reſigned not to endure; and he deſired the Baroneſ to inform Matilda, that on the following morn-

ing ſhe muſt become a bride.—"Tell her," continued he, with an imperious air, "that ſhe has neither to deal with a dotard nor a child; but with a man who will ſave his family from diſgrace, and force obedience when periuasion loses power!"

The Baroneſ was unable to deliver ſuch a meſſage, though tears proved the torture and anguish of her mind; and Matilda conjured her not to conceal her destiny, nor attempt to diſguife the rigor of her fate.

"No—my beloved mother!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, as ſoon as ſhe was made acquainted with the Baron's decree, "force muſt not drive me to the wretch's arms, nor make me bear the hateful name of wife?"—Oh! continued ſhe, in an agony of ſorrow, "ſave me from ſuch an insupportable load of diſtress! Calmly would I submit to any other affliction,—but this overpow-ers and diſtracts my mind!"

Whilſt the Baroneſ was endeavoring to con-fole her daughter, and calm the purturbation and inquietude of her mind, the ſervant who had de-livered Matilda's letter to her father was deſcribing to St. Leger the effect it had produced; and conju-ring him to ſave her miſtreſs from a miſfor-tune which would overcloud with wretchedneſſ her future days.

To reſign Matilda to the arms of a rival was a circumstance at once afflicting and ſevere; but to know that ſhe was doomed to miſery and wretchedneſſ, was too agonizing a reſlection for his na-ture to ſustain; and he reſolved to brave every ſpecies of danger, rather than ſuffer her to be fa-ciſced to her father's pride.

Every ſpecies of artifice St. Leger deſpised; therefore, he iſtantly flew to the Baron's house, and, after deſcribing the force and delicacy of his attachment, conjured him to bleſs him with Ma-tilda's hand.

The Baron's indignation at St. Leger's temeri-ty was too violent to be confined within the com-mon bounds of constraint; but bursting forth in the moſt opprobrious language, he indignantly com-manded him to leave the house.

Matilda's confidant waited his return, and ſaw grief and disappointment depicted on his face—"We muſt ſave her," he exclaims, "from thoſe bonds of wretchedneſſ with which her inexorable father would enſlave her mind."

After a few moments devoted to reſlection, he pro-poſed being at the Caſle at twelve o'clock that night; and when a ſignal was given at Ma-tilda's window, herſelf and ſervants were quietly to deſcend; and a pri-eſt was to be prepared by the expe-cting lover for the purpoſe of indiſſolubly joining their hands.

This arrangement, though eaſy in theory, St. Leger was well aware would be difficult to fulfi;l; neither was he certain that Matilda would con-ſent to quit her father's house, or become his wife. Could the Baroneſ once be brought to favor his pretensions, he then had no doubt of obtaining her hand; and he reſolved to endeavor to gain her faucon, or reſign the hope of preſerving Matilda's peace. To ſee the Baroneſ was im-poſſible; but writing was a reſource eaſily obtain-

ed, as the confidant offered to deſi-ver the letter, and bring him an anſwer in a ſhort period of time.

### TO THE BARONEſ DE COLOGNE.

"TO you, Madam, who have witneſſed the strength of my attachment, and be-held the ſtruggles which I have frequently made, I venture to apply, to obtain a faucon for a paſſion the moſt animated that ever warmed a hu-man breast.

"The happiness of Lady Matilda is far dearer than my life; and to procure it, I would conſent to the termina-tion of my days; but can I calmly hear that ſhe is devoted to wretchedneſſ, without attempting to ſnatch her from ſo ſad a fate?

"Had ſhe been affianced to worth or meri-t, I never had preſumed to make a claim; but, grati-fied by the pro-pect of her felicity, in silence buried all impreſſion of my love.

"Too well do I know the force of your af-fec-tion, to believe that you faucon this deſtitut scheme;—no!—it is imposſible that you can con-ſent to barter the peace and happiness of an only child!—Think not, Madam, that I approve oppoſition to any juſt proposal that a parent could make; but when they become deaf to the voice of Reaſon, and are only guided by pride or ca-price, what are their claims to filial obedience, and by what right do they enforce an unjuſtifiable decree?

"Had the Baron merely diſapproved my al-li-ance, without compelling his daughter to bind herſelf to age, I never had murmur-ed at his de-cision, though I muſt always have lamented the cruelty of my fate; but, knowing that ſhe is doomed to miſery and deſtru-ction, can you won-der that I implore you to ſhield her in my arms?—in pity, then, con-ſent to a private marriage, and allow my hap-pineſſ to commence from this night.—Could any other method prevent the accomplishment of the Baron's deſign, I ſhould ſhudder at proposing a ſtep ſo opposite to the re-finement and delicacy of Matilda's mind; but, alas! Madam, we have no time for delibera-tion, as a few hours muſt ſeal your daughter's fate! In mercy, then, allow the plan which I have ſug-gested to Lady Matilda's attendant, this evening to take place, and by that means ſave her from a load of wretchedneſſ which her tender na-ture is unable to ſustain.—On my knees do I implore your approba-tion and concur-rence, and vow to cheri-ſh and protec-t her all my days; and if ever I prove unworthy of the ſacred de-pot, may that moment become the close of my life!"

Whilſt the Baroneſ was perufing this epiſtle, her countenance underwent a great variety of changes; and Matilda watched each motion with as much anxiety as if it was to determine her fu-ture fate.

"St Leger," ſaid ſhe, after a moment's ſilence, "implores me to con-ſent to your becoming his wife; but can I au-thorize an act of diſobedience, and encourage my Matilda to diſgrace her name?"

"Oh! my beloved mother!" replied the agi-tated Matilda, encircling her arms about the Ba-roneſ's neck, "is there no palliation for an act

of disobedience, which at once will preserve both my honor and my life? Would my father but allow me to decline the Duke's proposal, duty would impel me to sacrifice St. Leger's hand; but, knowing that I am to be sacrificed to vanity and ambition, can you wonder that I wish to avoid this hated alliance?—In pity to my sufferings comply with his request; for without your consent I will never become his wife; but if I am forced into this hated alliance, misery must be my portion for the rest of my life."

" May that peace be the lot of my adored Matilda, which her unfortunate mother has not been able to obtain! —yes, my child, I consent to his proposal, and will resign my dearest treasure to his care."

[To be continued.]

#### THE FALSE FRIEND.

" What crimes are prompted by the love of Gold!"

A YOUNG man of reputable connections, by the name of Morton, was capitally convicted of defrauding the British bank. While he was lying in prison and in the agonizing expectation of suffering a shameful execution, a pretended friend, of the name of D----, who had formed the diabolical plan of speculating by the transaction, visited him, and with professions of the warmest benevolence, offered to assist him to escape; which he actually effected, and Morton fled to France.

D---- then betook himself to the directors of the bank who were much disappointed at the escape of their victim and offered to deliver him into their hands, on condition that they would pay him four thousand pounds, they refused to promise so large a sum, but made the offer of one thousand pounds, which D----, finding that he could get no more, accepted.

This matter being settled, D---- wrote to Morton, that his friends, with a good prospect of success, were attempting to obtain his pardon. A few days after, he wrote that his pardon was obtained, and he might return in safety. Morton received the intelligence with transports of joy, and concealing no suspicion of his supposed friend, to whom alone he had confided the knowledge of the place of his retreat, returned with all speed to England, and was immediately arrested and excused.

D---- received the thousand pounds, together with the exactions of millions of people, as the rewards of his atrocious perfidy.

#### THE CATASTROPHE.

##### AN ANECDOTE.

WOMEN have, in all ages, been at great pains to adorn the outside of their heads; and this, as well as the other parts of their diets, they have from time to time ingeniously varied.---About the beginning of the American Revolution, the general ton, in point of female head-dress, was a cushion, of enormous bulk, which the girls wore as conspicuously through the sultry heat of dog days, as during the rigors of winter. The cushion, in its first establishment, was stuffed with sheep's wool; but this article in the progress of the American war, growing extremely scarce, many a good girl was obliged to fill her cushion with hay. And indeed, this was thought to be an ingenious and excellent substitute, till the following unlucky accident deranged the philosophy of the whole business, and occasioned great sensations and alarm;---A girl who had stuffed her cushion with new hay, rode out to take an airing, and alighting from her horse, which it seems was very hungry, and happening to stoop under his head, the flavor of the hay so forcibly attracted him, that, all on a sudden and without any malice preposse, he committed at one and the same time the illegal acts of assault and battery, and also of rover and cozenage; for what did he do but seize, open-mouthed, the cushion, and notwithstanding the painful convulsions and piteous screams of the unfortunate owner, violently tore it from her head. Indeed, the loss of the cushion, however considerable, might have been counterbalanced; but the loss of much hair with it, (for in those days the female head was not shorn, like that of a friar,) was an affecting circumstance, which must have rendered her, for some time quite inconsolable.

##### ANECDOTE.

A very rich citizen of Lyons having had his nativity cast, had so arranged his affairs, that his possessions should just last him to the hour of his death. However, outliving the expected period, he was absolutely reduced to beggary, and in the following terms would implore charity: "Pity a man, who has lived longer than he expected."

#### FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

##### ABSENCE.

YOU have heard the fond tittle lamenting alone,  
And chiding his long absent Mate,  
ALPHONSO thus grieves, as he vents his sad moan,  
That for her whom he loves he should wait.  
Full oft o'er the Hills where she's wander'd he roves,  
And asks ev'ry tree if she's there;  
Then down the lone valley, and by the sweet groves,  
And thro' the gay meadows so fair.  
But the hill and the valley, the Meadows and groves,  
No more with her presence are blest,  
And the songsters more plaintively warble their loves,  
With grief at her absence impell.

The streamlet, that oft has reflected her form,  
Now lingers and mournfully flows,  
And Echo, sweet Echo, now welcomes the storm,  
That she too may brood o'er her woes.  
The soft sighing gale, as it murmurs along,  
No more on her bosom can play,  
And catching a note of sweet Philomel's song,  
Like that, in despair dies away.

Ye woods, do you hide the sweet Nymph from my view,  
Does she court your chill comfortless shade?  
Oh! tell, and my fervent fond prayer I'll renew,  
And your darkest recesses invade.

Or if on the top of some mountain she strays,  
The Dian that wounds as she flies;  
O'er the cliff's lofty summit her steps I'll trace,  
And hope in my bosom shall rise.  
Again, thro' the fields, dreid' in verdure, to stray,  
With the beauties of nature imprint,  
Than the flow'rets that deck the fair landscape more gay,  
While I clasp'd the dear girl to my breast.  
Oh! halle the glad moment, when, blest by her smile,  
ALPHONSO no longer may roam,  
And as he roams with soft transport each toil,  
Find contentment, a friend and a home.

August 19. ALPHONSO.

##### A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

BEHOLD that scene, yon trembling main,  
On whose smooth brow soft breezes sleep,  
No breath disturbs the azure plain,  
Or moves the surface of the deep.  
Fond o'er the tide the vessels run,  
Nor fear the rocks, nor dread the wind;  
Unfold their canals to the sun,  
Regardless of the storms behind.  
But hark! from yonder bursting clouds,  
The tempest breaks, loud thunders roar,  
Which split the mists, tear off the shrouds,  
And dash them headlong on the shore.  
By flatt'ring gales too soon betray'd  
To leave their port and tempt the wave,  
Those billows where they lately play'd,  
Become, alas! too soon their grave.  
In this fair scene thyself behold,  
Nor does thy bliss the image wrong;  
The rocks that dash our hopes, as bold,  
The storms that vex our life, as strong.  
Op'nings by fortune's fingers to-day,  
Our fame look fair, our honors bloom;  
To-morrow, with'ring, all decay,  
Shadow'd by envy or a tomb.

##### CRAZY JANE'S EPITAPH.

THE passing bell no longer toll'd,  
And Crazy Jane in earth repos'd;  
Her once sweet lips were pale and cold,  
Her once bright eyes were dull and clos'd,  
The mournful crowd press on to see  
The rude carv'd lines on yonder tree;  
And oft shall their sad theme obtain  
A pitying tear for Crazy Jane.  
"Here lies, the shapeless turf beneath,  
"A lovely form in lowly bed;  
"Where should have bloom'd the flow'ry wreath,  
"The willow waves its drooping head;  
"She sunk a prey to hopeless love;  
"Trav'ler! thy roving step restrain;  
"Isher sad fate thy pity move,  
"One pitying tear give Crazy Jane."

#### FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

##### MEDDLER, No. VII.

Oh! how this spring of love resemblith  
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;  
Which now shews all the beauties of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

SHAKESPEARE.

LOVE when unopposed is a tranquil power; however turbulent or active it may be under restraint, when suffered to take its course without resistance, it flows peaceful as the unruffled stream. The person who is really its subject, and whose wishes are successful, delights not in noise or show, makes no ostentatious display of his passion, but fondly cherishes it in secrecy and silence. He tells not the world his happiness, nor by a parade of felicity demands its envy. He never engages in foolish acts of fondness before company, nor, like a child who is charmed with his rattle, toys and trifles with the object of his regard. Indeed exhibitions of this nature are occasion for distrust and doubt. When a man enjoys his good fortune in silence, I am willing to believe he is happy; but when he assures me that he is so, and when the story is frequently founded in my ears, for fear my memory should prove treacherous, it is then that I feel inclined to doubt the truth and reality of the tale. Thus also when I observe a foolish fond couple making a ridiculous display of their attachment; I am either disposed to pity their weakness, or doubt their sincerity. An affection of this kind can be at best but the creature of fancy, without any solid foundation;—it is the perishable flower that blossoms only for a day. Why should the lover tell of the kindness of his mistress!—why boast to his companions of those smiles which are exclusively lavished on himself? Do such proclamations increase the sum of his felicity? Does he imagine that others will enter into his feelings, or that the theme is equally interesting to all? Such conduct rather appears the offspring of vanity and self-love, in which the heart has but little concern. The penetrating eye will easily discover coldness amid all this pretended warmth. While the lover is thus loudly proclaiming his affection, his mistress by her behavior gives full confirmation to the story. She indeed does not openly declare her love, but discloses the secret by UNGUARDED observations, and by UNINTENTIONAL confessions, which cover her for the moment with a WELL-AFFECTED confusion. For this purpose the half smothered singer, the *lyre of the swan*, and the *lyre of the fish*, and *the swan of the lake*, Actions are often more eloquent than words. It is indeed on reflection a matter of surprise that two individuals should wish to impose on society, in a matter in which the heart has so little concern. That a passion should be thus feigned and indiscreetly supported without the least foundation, and that a whole artillery of sighs should be wailed in a manner so unprofitable and unworthy. The only excuse that can be offered is the youth or inexperience of the parties. Either their judgments are very immature, or they have seen but little of the world. A youth at the age of eighteen just escaped from school, and beginning to allume the man, thinks it necessary to be in love, in order to complete the character. He looks round him for some gentle daniel, who is willing to receive his addresses; and having found one, the heart-dissolving, seize commences. You may in general call such conduct the *swan of the lake*, as we meet with few who, before they have passed their summers, are not his zealous votaries. This may be in some measure accounted for by the number of novels they are allowed to peruse, and their early introduction into company. The former, while the judgment is weak, fills the head with a set of extravagant sentiments, and the latter affords an ample field for their display. This scene may imagine as the conduct of children only, and which time and experience will correct: But the danger is, that early inclinations are strong, and early habits become confirmed by age; reason and good sense often strive in vain against them. The woman who, when a child unthinkingly indulged in coquettish behavior, has at length lost all real affection, and become incapable of genuine attachment.

Upon the whole, I would recommend to our modern beauties and belles, less noise and less parade in affairs of the heart, and to substitute in their place silence and sincerity.

August 22.

##### THE WIDOW.

M Y H u s B and po Ord E Arma ni S de idan D G one,  
An Die F thi florin G wi Do wal Lal one,  
Sa vet Was we er bab Elmi Ne's fu Rew Oef Ullc ale  
T IL Lrob Ta ins not He rin hi Sp ace. KOU.

#### HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

THE rapid successes of the English in France, in the year 1346, were checked by the numerous forces which the French King sent against them, under the Duke of Normandy. The French began their enterprises by laying siege to Angouleme; and John Lord Norwich, The Governor, after a brave and vigorous defence, found himself reduced to such extremities as obliged him to employ a stratagem in order to save his garrison, and to prevent his being reduced to surrender at discretion. He appeared on the walls, and defied a parley with the Duke of Normandy. The Duke then told Norwich that he supposed he intended to capitulate. "Not at all," replied the Governor; "but as to-morrow is the feast of the Virgin, to whom I know that you, as well as myself, bear a great devotion, I desire a cessation of arms for that day." The proposal was agreed to; and Norwich having ordered his forces to prepare all their baggage, marched out the next day, and advanced towards the French camp. The besiegers, imagining they were to be attacked, ran to their arms; but Norwich sent a messenger to the Duke, reminding him of his engagement. The Duke, who piqued himself on faithfully keeping his word, exclaimed, "I see the governor has outwitted me; but let us be content with gaining the place;" and the English were allowed to pass through the camp unmolested.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1801.

As various statements have been made in the public newspapers relative to the FIRE which happened in Fair-Street on Tuesday morning last, we are competent to say, that the Church belonging to the Rev. Mr. STANFORD is destroyed as to be utterly irreparable. Our sympathy in this calamity is very much increased on information that Mr. STANFORD erected that building at his own expence, the sum of many years labor; and, as it was appropriated to public worship, and to his Academy, was the only source of supporting his family. The loss is computed about £14000. This is the second time Mr. STANFORD has suffered by the conflagration of the neighboring bake houses; and it is to be hoped that the benevolent and the pious will not neglect this opportunity to exert their sensibility in lessening the lots of the sufferers by their generous contributions.

We learn that the President of the United States has directed, that the office of Inspector of the Revenue shall cease after the month of September. The duty will then be executed by the Superintendents.

Captain Fernand, of the ship Jane, arrived at Charleston from Vigo in Spain, which place he left on the 19th of June, informs that the contagious fever has again made its appearance in Cadiz, and other parts in the South of Spain.

Information is received from St. Thomas, by Capt. Johnson, arrived on Tuesday, of the expected evacuation, in a few days, of the British troops stationed there, on account of the difference between the Danes and the British being settled. The Danes will probably repass all their Islands in the West Indies, lately captured by the English, under the command of Admiral Duckworth.

We learn that on Monday the 21st instant, Mr. ISRAEL ABEN, son of Mendham township, being on a visit at his son's in the State of New-York, went out a few steps from the house in the morning, before any of the family had risen, and killed himself, by drawing his neck across a scythe. He yet lay struggling in the convulsions of expiring nature, and writhing in his gore, when his son came to the fatal spot, and witnessed the truly horrid spectacle. Mr. Aben is said to have been for some time previous subject to fits of insanity. [Morris-Town pap.]

#### LONGEVITY.

In Shrewsbury, (Miffl.) there is now living a man by the name of Ephraim Pratt, who was born in Salt-Sbury, in that date, on the first day of November, in the year 1687. He is grandson of John Pratt, who landed and settled at Plymouth, in 1620, with the first emigrants to New-England. At the age of 21 years, Mr. E. Pratt was married to a young Lady by the name of Martha Wheeler, by whom he had 6 sons and 3 daughters. Four of his

sons are now living, the eldest of whom is 50, and the youngest 22 years of age. Mr. Pratt's descendants are very numerous, but as they have emigrated into various parts of the United States, it is impossible to ascertain their number precisely, yet from a moderate calculation they will exceed 1500 now living.

A remarkable instance of strong depravity occurred lately in Dublin. A young man of excellent character, Clerk to incis. Tait, of that city, in a paroxysm of mental derangement, plunged into the Liffey; which being observed by a gentleman at a little distance, he slipped off his coat, the better to effect his deliverance. At this instant, when in the act of jumping after the drowning maniac, he observed a fellow thief and run off with his pocket-book, which contained nearly the whole of his property. His own eminent danger banished for the instant the recollection of all other, and he pursued and seized the robber; but the fated victim to a hopeless passion perished. The thief is lodged in goal to await the punishment due to his offence.

#### HURRICANE AT NEW PROVIDENCE.

On the 16th July, at 12 o'clock P. M. a tremendous hurricane visited the Island of New Providence. The vessels in the harbour of Nassau, notwithstanding their masts and yards were struck, and all their anchors down, drove against each other, and came in whole strings to the shore. As the tide rose the hurricane increased in violence in a northerly direction, and drove all the vessels in the town side of the harbor, and prevented them from driving to sea. A Guinea-man [prize] got upon the middle ground, and turned over on her beam ends, so that that the seamen got on her side, 250 negroes who were in her, were fortunately preserved by the vessel's bearing over the bank and righting. "The harbour resembled three torrents, of different densities, passing with inconceivable velocity.... Full the water, from the accumulation at the East end of the harbour. The foam, and spray next forming almost an opaque cloud, spur along with the swiftest possible degree of visible motion, and formed a stratum, as it were of 20 or 30 feet deep; and over that the sun passed in a rarer medium, and in a perfectly horizontal direction; and appeared incapable of descending from its projectile velocity."

Only three vessels in the harbour rode out the storm—the American sloop Primrose and a Spanish vessel. 150 vessels were stranded between Evans hill, and the Western water battery; and several sunk, and others crushed to pieces. The storm raged with such violence as to carry away the greater part of the vessel's masts by the board. On shore and in the town the devestation was equally great—houses were blown down, and the fences and trees, generally, laid level with the ground. The aggregate loss sustained, is estimated at not less than £100,000 sterling.

#### THE TWO FATHERS.

A very curious cause is at this moment before one of the Tribunals of the Department of the Lower Charente, in France.

In the year 1794, Mademoiselle de Romefort was exiled from her department as a Noble, and went into the department of Vienne. On the 25th Frimaire, in the subsequent year she was brought to bed of a boy, whom she registered in the municipality of St. Janieu, under the name of Mathieu, son of a Frangode de Romefort, and of a father unknown. The mother died at the end of a fortnight; the child was taken care of by a peasant.

In the year 8, the father of Mademoiselle de Romefort died also, leaving an opulent succession to the natural child of his daughter. A guardian was appointed to the child; but scarcely was the pupil involved with his grandfather's fortune, when this child, abandoned seven years to the care and pity of a stranger, all at once found himself claimed by two fathers.

A person by the name of Argenie, ci-devant Chevalier, appeared before a Notary, declared himself to be the father of Nothieu Romefort, and in virtue of that act, demanded of the Curator the surrender of the child and his property. Another individual, of the name of Berard, the son of a Notary, made a fortnight after the same declaration, and urged the same demand.

The guardian, after consulting the family, inveighed against the tardy and suspicious piety of the two fathers, who had not, for seven years, thought of their pretended son, and whose tenderness was suddenly roused by his unexpected upulence.

#### COURT OF HYMEN.

WHEN harmony of person and of mind  
Is with its kindred harmony combin'd :  
Where love and reason join a worthy pair,  
And friendship and endearment are their care :  
'Tis a fair miniature of EDEN's how'rs,  
Where grew the fruits of bliss and pleasure's flow'rs :  
But oh ! how painful is the sad reverse !  
Each pleasure's poison, and each bliss a curse.

#### MARRIED.

On Monday the 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. NACK, Mr. CHARLES SHERRY, Merchant, of this city, to Miss MARY WHITE, of Ballston.

On Sunday the 2d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. JOHN SMITH, to Miss MARIA FREDERICKS, both from Germany.

On Saturday the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Kunzie, Mr. DANIEL DRECH, to Miss CATHARINE AIRICK, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Filmore, Mr. THOMAS POST to Miss MARY MORRIS, daughter of Mr. David Morris, all of this city.

#### MORTALITY.

Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,  
We rise—we break—and to that sea return.

On Monday afternoon departed this life, at the Health Establishment on Staten-Island, Dr. RICHARD BAILEY, Health-Officer of the Port of New-York, in the 53rd year of his age. He was seized on the Tuesday preceding with a fever, the consequence of great exertions, that was soon accompanied by a train of symptoms, which at once established its character, and gave an alarming preage of its termination. He died after six days illness.... The citizens of New-York, who for upwards of 30 years had experienced his professional worth, well know by their feelings how to estimate his loss; and the public, it may be asserted with all the confidence which truth and justice inspire, will not find a more zealous, indefatigable or intrepid officer to discharge the important duties of the station which he filled.

#### SUMMER AMUSEMENT.

##### MOUNT VERNON GARDEN.

On Monday evening will be presented, a Comedy in 2 acts, never performed here, called

#### The Ladies' Frolic, OR, THE FARM HOUSE.

Written originally by JOHSTON, under the title of the COUNTRY LASSES; altered by Mr. I. P. KEMBLE and acted at both the Theatres in London with enthusiastic applause,

#### AFTER WHICH SUMMER AMUSEMENT: or THE PASTICIO.

LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA, MR. HEWITT.

NB. The Performers beg leave to observe that whenever the weather is such as to compel a postponement, the Theatre will regularly be opened on the night immediately following.

#### Novels,

For Sale by John Harrington, No. 3 Peck-Slip,  
MORDAUNT, by the author of Zelucia,  
Horrors of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple,  
Emilia d' Varmon, or the Necessary Divorce,  
Louisa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor,  
George Barnewell, by Surr,  
Ambro and Eleanor, Sotrows of Werter,  
Sufferings of the Family of Ottenberg,  
Galatea, a Pastoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes)  
Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Cousins,  
Ambro, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Esq;  
Children of the Abbey, Wieland, or the Transformation  
Ormond, or the Secret Witness, Tom Jones,

## COURT OF APOLLO.

SWEETLY IN LIFE'S JOCUND MORNING.  
Sung by Mrs. Hodgkinson in the Comedy of "Liza."

SWEETLY in life's jocund morning,  
Beam'd on me a father's smile;  
Joy with livelier charms adorning,  
Cheering grave instruction's toil.  
  
Cruel Memory, too severely,  
Tells me those blest hours are gone,  
Which with him I priz'd so dearly,  
He has frown'd and they are flown.  
  
Love which drew this sorrow on me,  
Love alone can yield relief;  
The pitying power which has undone me,  
Pours the balm that heals my grief.  
  
What though memory, so severely  
Tells me that my joys are gone,  
Let but him I love so dearly,  
Smile, and then my cares are flown.

## THE OATH.

BY the look of consent, by the glistening tear,  
That spoke to my soul in a language divine;  
By the rubies that glow'd on the lips of my fair  
When, with rapture transported, I prest them to mine.  
  
By the throbings that wav'd on her bosom of snow,  
By the blushes that mantling vermillion'd her cheek  
When afraid to say yes---and all loth to say no,  
She figh'd what her tongue was unable to speak.  
  
By the smiles, that enliv'ned her elegant face,  
When the saw that I confirmd those blushes so well,  
When the saw that love's eye could each character trace,  
And read on her heart, what her tongue wou'dn't tell.  
  
By that heart, sensibility's favorite shrine,  
Where Innocence, Virtue and Truth fix their throne,  
By these let me swear that this bosom of mine  
Is fill'd with thy image, my charmer, alone!  
  
But stop silly Damon, 'tis needless to swear,  
When arguments stronger than fondness can prove,  
Dost thou doubt my dear girl, that my passion's sincere,  
Yon Mirror will shew a pledge of my love.

## LIFE IS BUT A DREAM.

WHEN mortals toil and sweat for gold,  
Nor sleep nor quiet know;---  
When human lives are bought and sold  
For treasure here below;---  
Thus to myself in thought I say,  
"A vain, an empty scheme;  
Like chaff their hope will fly away,  
For life is but a dream."  
  
While some to charm their fickle eyes,  
Or please a fickle taste,  
Give wings to wealth, and as the flies,  
A whirl of treasure waste;  
"Fools, I exclaim, can such as this,  
To you be joy supreme?  
Short is the date of all your bliss,  
For life is but a dream."  
  
Some seek the airy bubble fame,---  
Ambition drives them on;---  
They toil and slave to get a name,  
Till life itself is gone.  
Their honors soon are roll'd away  
In dark oblivion's dream;  
The dancing bubble will not stay,  
For life is but a dream.  
  
My soul, awake and sleep no more;  
Thy utmost power employ,  
To place in Heaven a lasting shore,  
For never ending joy.  
Farewell, perplexing cares and fears;  
Heaven be our constant theme;  
We soon shall pass this vale of tears,  
For life is but a dream.

REMARK. Great joy, especially after a sudden change and revolution of circumstances, is apt to be silent, and dwells rather in the heart than on the tongue.

## MORALIST.

JUSTICE seems most agreeable to the nature of the Deity, and mercy to that of man. A being who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works; but he, whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving: for this reason among all the monstrous characters in human nature, there is none so odious nor indeed so exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe temper in a worthless man.

Nature bids me love myself, and hate all that hate me; reason bids me love my friend, and hate those who envy me; Religion bids me love all, and hate none; and overcome evil with good.

## ANECDOTE.

A CLERGYMAN, who had much insisted in an afternoon, that reason was given to man for a bridle, to curb and restrain his passions, happened the same evening to take so large a dose at a chilfening, that he was obliged to be carried home; the next morning one of the parishioners asked him what he had done with his bridle over night? he replied, "I just took it off to drink."

Dr. CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.  
Is an effectual cure for ERUPTIONS on the FACE and SKIN.

PARTICULARLY,  
Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ring-worms, Tan, Sun-burns, Freckles, Shingles, Prickly-heat, Redness of the Nose, Neck, Arms, &c. &c., Scorbutic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every description.

And for Cleansing, Whitening, and Softening the SKIN it is unequalled by any other in the world. By the simple application of this fluid night and morning or occasionally thrice a day, it will remove the most rankorous and alarming furvy in the face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated Cosmetics, without any of their doubtful and sometimes dangerous effects. The proprietor therefore, recommends it with confidence as a necessary and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, in lieu of the common trash.

Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roses!!!  
A rough, uneven skin, its shining appearance, and yellow sickly paleness, are by this Lotion effectually removed. In the Shingles and Prickly Heat it is infallible. Suffice it however to say,  
It has been administered to many thousands without even a single complaint of its inefficacy.

Invented and prepared by James Church, M. D. 137 Front Street, New-York.---Price, half pds. 75 cents, Pints, one dollar and 25 cents.

## FOR THE USE OF THE FAIR SEX,

### The Genuine French Almond Paste,

Superior to any thing in the world for cleaning, whitening and softening the skin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a most exquisite delicacy---this article is so well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and sold by F. Dubois, Perfumer, No. 81 William-street New-York.

Likewise to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete assortment of every article in his line, such as Pomatums of all sorts, common and scented Hair Powders, a variety of the best Soaps and Wash Balls, Essences and Scented Water, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Naples, Lotion, Milk of Roses, Asiatic Balsam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Scent, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Frizzets, Perfume Cabinets, Razors, and Razor Strops of the best kind, handsome Dressing Cases for Ladies and gentlemen complete, Tortoise shell and Ivory Combs, Swans down and Silk Puffs, Pinching and curling Irons, &c.

66 3m.

## JOHN G. BOGERT

Has removed his Office of Notary Public and Translator to No. 120 Water-Street, next door to the Tontine Coffee House.

May 9, 1801.

For sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip,  
an extensive assortment of

## Books and Stationery.

SCHOOL BOOKS of every description.

THE BEGGAR GIRL,  
AND HER BENEFACTORS.  
By Mrs. Bennet.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE,  
AND OTHER POEMS,  
By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

LOUISA,  
THE LOVELY ORPHAN,  
Or the COTTAGE on the MOOR.  
BY MRS. HEMM.

EDGAR HUNTRY,  
Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker.

ILDIGERTE,  
QUEEN OF NORWAY.  
Translated from the German of Kotzebus.

DE VALCOURT,  
By Mrs. Bennet.

TRAVELS  
In the interior Districts of AFRICA, performed under the direction and patronage of the African Association, in the years 1795, 1796 and 1797--  
By MUNGU PARK, Surgeon;

A NEW TREATISE  
ON ASTRONOMY AND PHYSIC,  
By Dr. JOSEPH YOUNG, M. D.

## THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

By M. WARDE, & Co. opposite the City Hall,

THE LIFE OF J. B. BOUCHÉ,  
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.  
To which is added, A Journal of his Tour to Paris.  
Translated by ANNE PLUMPTRE.

August 15.

JOHN C. TOTTEN,  
Chatham-Square, a few doors from the new Watch-House, has for sale, a variety of  
BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Among which are, School Books of all kinds, Historical Novels, &c. Blank Books, Blanks, Writing Paper, Water Quills, Ink Powders, &c. &c., and a general assortment of TRUNKS.

NB. Stamped Paper.

## JAMES ALWAYS

Wishes to inform his customers, and the public in general, that he continues to carry on the WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James Street, where may be found Windsor Chairs of every description both plain and decorated, and he will take them from any part of the town, and turn them in good order. He will paint them green and any fancy color, in the best manner, at a very low price.  
February 26.

## FRENEAU'S POEMS.

For sale by John Harrison, Peck-Slip.

## POEMS,

### ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By

PHILIP FRENEAU.

Printed and published by J. HARRISON  
No. 3 Peck-Slip.  
One Dollar Fifty Cents per annum.